

Empty Rooms

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Summary: Hijack one-shot. Hiccup is mopey, trying to cheer himself up but it's not really working- what'll it take for him to pull himself together?

Empty Rooms

I found writing prompts and I wanted to try some out... This is what happened. Yeah, I hope you enjoy my random oneshot, this is kind of my first attempt at posting a story so I'm a little nervous, and I usually write huge-multi chapter monstrosities that never get finished, so this was a little different than what I'm used to.

So, yeah. Enjoy :)

A story inspired by this:

"the scent that lingers in air, the trail left in water, the impression made in space after something or someone had been and gone; the trace of someone's perfume"

HIJACK ONESHOT

The room still smelled like him.

The faint scent of the mint soap he always used lingered with the slightly stronger aroma of snow, a strange thing for someone to smell like but it always seemed comforting to him. It was a crisp, clean fragrance, simple and slightly metallic. It smelled like the outdoors, like fresh, fluffy snow and new winters that shone brightly in the sunlight, the fields of white undisturbed by human contact, simple, natural beauty.

He could feel the weight of his absence pressing down on him, the painfully empty spot where he would always sit, brightening the whole house with his presence. Now, it was just...space.

Hiccup stifled a sigh in his pillow, squeezing his eyes shut as he pressed his face into the worn fabric.

Why did this have to be so difficult?

He flopped belly-first onto the unmade bed that he used to share, still with his face buried in the pillow. He lay there for several minutes, trying to rid himself of the haunting scent but even with his face firmly pressed into his own pillow, it still smelled like Jack.

He grumbled, rolling over and taking in sweet breaths, inhaling freely now that he wasn't being half-smothered by slightly itchy fabric and lumpy stuffing. Staring at the ceiling, he tried to think of something else. Anything else.

...Anything?

Yeah, nope. Not happening.

It was no use, he wasn't going to distract himself lying there doing nothing, so he pushed himself off the bed and shuffled to the door. There wasn't really a plan, just a general "go do something you lazy butt, because sitting here pissing and moaning is pathetic".

Great, now his inner monologues were starting to sound like Astrid.

It wasn't that bad, really, he could handle being alone. He'd lived alone before, and growing up he didn't have many friends, so he was used to solitude. It wasn't the silence or the general feeling of being alone that bothered him, it was the general lack of Jack that bothered him. Their little apartment seemed way too big without his white-haired partner's carefree laugh and his sly smiles and-

No. Quit it.

Hiccup groaned again, smacking himself in the face with an open hand, he'd be fine on his own. He didn't need Jack around _all the time_. Yeah, no, he could be an independent, strong, adult. Maturity and self-reliance and all that crap.

He was staring at the door that lead out of the apartment. He'd just go out into the hall and then walk down the hall, to the stairs, go outside, then...go where? He stood there having a staring contest with the doorhandle for a good five minutes before he sighed and dropped his keys (which he didn't remember picking up) back into the little bowl he kept them in.

Maybe he'd just watch a movie.

About halfway through _The Matrix_ he was face-down on the couch, not even paying attention.

Seriously, he was a mature, responsible adult. He could handle Jack being gone. It was only for...how long had it been? He wasn't really sure. There was a vague memory of the conversation he'd had with Jack before he left... something about... something.

If he really strained his tired brain he could recall Jack saying that he'd only be gone for about three weeks, but he couldn't recall the details of the conversation. He knew that he was going somewhere far away for something, probably work related. All Hiccup had been able to process through the whole talk was that Jack would be gone for a whole three weeks.

Half-lidded green eyes searched the room and his gaze fell on the little digital clock sitting on a table across the room. It was only eight o'clock, so why was he so goddamn tired?

Whatever.

A few minutes later the movie had been shut off and Hiccup was lying in bed again, clad in pyjamas and savouring the minty taste of toothpaste lingering in his mouth.

Three weeks... How long had it been since he left? Weekdays were barely worth keeping track of, they always seemed to just blur and blend together so it kind of warped his sense of time. Which usually didn't matter but now it bothered him a great deal, he wanted to know when his house would stop torturing him with the scent of snow and the pale shadows of laughter he hadn't heard in a painfully long time.

He was lying on his back with his eyes wide open, unable to sleep, when he heard a weird buzzing noise.

What the...

The resounding _smack_ echoed dully through the quiet room when he brought his open palm to his face, rather violently.

He forgot about his goddamn phone.

The little light switched on as he pressed a button on the side of his phone, making him squint in a weak attempt to shield his eyes from the blinding brightness. The room wasn't that dark, but it was gloomy enough that when the screen flashed the white background of his inbox it burned his eyes like a floodlight directed at his face.

His face broke into a goofy smile when he opened his unread message.

I miss u, coming home soon xxoo

Suddenly not tired at all, he slid out of bed and flipped the light on, pressing the 'dial' button as he walked across the room.

The house seemed a whole lot less empty when he heard a familiar voice eagerly answer his call.

End
file.